THEY CAUGHT HIM

How New Yorkers Led Mr. Carlisle Into a Trap.

Inventor Edison's Unhappiness—The Poet Stoddard's Advancing Age—Rumors of Proposed State Police Commission.

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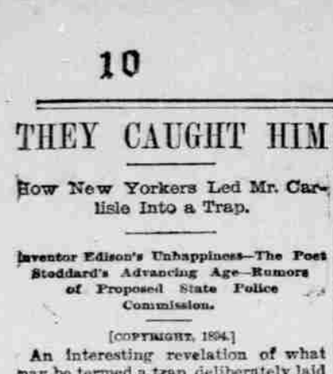
An interesting revelation of what may be termed a trap deliberately laid by the financiers of New York for John G. Carlisle, and a trap in which his advisers permitted him to fall, is now agitating Wall street. It seems that the complications began as far back as last winter, when the secretary proved very unamenable to Wall street influence. He was always unwilling to communicate with the bankers of the greatest city of the country and had intimations conveyed to them of that fact in no gracious way.

The crisis came on one occasion when the secretary arrived unexpectedly in New York with his family and put up at the Fifth Avenue hotel. A number of bankers became aware of his presence, and Conrad N. Jordan and three bank presidents hastily arranged a little dinner to which he was invited for the discussion of the



JOHN G. CARLISLE.

monetary situation. Various financiers had plans to be talked over, but when the hour for dinner arrived, no Carlisle appeared, and when he was sent for he sent word that he had no object in coming and did not feel enough interested in the proposed measures to put in an appearance. Consequently, the financiers ate their dinner without the cabinet officer, and, according to report, a deep laid scheme was formed to embarrass him as much as possible. All that he proposed to relieve the treasury was ridiculed, and the money powers, democratic as well as otherwise, became actively hostile to him. When the sugar schedule was prepared, Carlisle's connection with it was suddenly revealed by them out of pure revenge, and if Carlisle can be ruined by Wall street he will be.

Stoddard's Old Age.

Very few persons are aware that New York recently came within an ace of losing her Nestor poet. The fame of Richard Henry Stoddard is unique among metropolitan bards, and his quaint life and ways have long endeared him to all who ever have seen him going in and out of his modest little home. He does not enjoy the best of health, and the treacherous weather of the metropolis these warm humid days has enervated him considerably. When he had an attack of illness the other day there was real alarm, and for a time it looked as if he might join those great contemporaries of his whose death has made him the sole survivor of an immortal group.

But his own strength of constitution brought him around safely, and the old man is now declared to be out of danger.

It is surely curious that this famous poet should be better known to persons outside of New York than to the denizens of the metropolis itself. Very few celebrities come to New York without paying a visit to him, and in Europe he is, perhaps, the only versifier, now that Whitman is dead, who receives much attention from the literarily inclined. The souvenirs presented to him by the famous men of all the world

THOMAS A. EDISON.

are carefully preserved, and his home is a wonder of art, the halls and entries even being adorned with pictures and emblems which convert it into a veritable treasure house of æsthetic memorials.

Hardy's Unique Fame.

The literary experience of Arthur Sherburne Hardy is certainly the most unique among the varied ups and downs of New York authors. It is the lot of most New York men of letters to attain celebrity by leaps and bounds, and then to cease to be in vogue at all. But Hardy has written books of which only one ever received the boom of a sensation, whereas all the others have continued to sell in increased editions year after year without ever being attacked or neglected. His "Passe Rose" is always kept in stock by the booksellers, who are surprised that it should be asked for so much, when it has ceased to be alluded to in the advertising spirit. Rudyard Kipling, who is certainly talked about a good deal, has about ceased to be much read in this country, and Hardy's experience has resulted in an interesting discussion among New York authors as to whether some books are not more talked about than read, while others are read without being talked about.

However, Hardy has achieved such wide prominence as a magazine editor, that his fame as an author has really been overshadowed, which may account for the unusual fact that his novels have even a wider popularity in England than they have here. There is no truth in a recent report that Hardy intends shortly to take up his residence abroad.

An Inventor's Domesticity.

Those who have the privilege of coming in contact with the greatest of living inventors, Thomas A. Edison, have been aware of the fact that he seems abstracted and not as cheerful as once was his wont. This was long attributed to the enthusiasm and thoroughness with which he devotes himself to his scientific studies, but at last the truth begins to be perceived. It seems that his domestic life is not a happy one. For some reason his wife has grown dissatisfied with the fact that his investigations in chemical and scientific departments of endeavor leave him very little time to devote to her, and, as a consequence, there has been something like inharmony. This state of affairs was recently alleged to be so tense that something like a separation would ensue, but the inventor's friends are angry at the statement thus sown broadcast, and declare that nothing of the sort is to be anticipated.

However, the existing condition of things brings out more clearly than ever the fact that men of genius seem unable to achieve domestic happiness. Their wives are never satisfied when they give all their time to the occupation of their lives—no doubt because they consider themselves more worthy of attention than any other object in life, no matter how lofty.

Police Discipline.

The most startling report ever put into circulation regarding the police department of New York is one which is said to emanate from Thomas Byrnes himself, although he has denied that he is responsible for it. There is a project on foot to so reorganize the force that its government will practically be accomplished at Albany. The recent agitation regarding discipline is said to be a mere blind, and before another year a police commission for the whole state will be brought into existence, and all the forces of the state will be under the control of one board, with headquarters at the capital of the commonwealth. This board will be composed of five members, and their authority will be paramount. They are to make all the appointments, and will

MRS. EDISON.

finally call into existence a state instead of a municipal police.

This idea is imported from abroad, and is said to work very well there. According to such a method, there would be no such thing as collusion between the criminal classes of a city and the police, for, while each municipality would have a local superintendent, or chief of police, he would be controlled by independent authorities and thus kept free from corruption. The plan is being kept as quiet as possible, and very few are yet aware that it will be proposed at all, but it seems likely that when the truth leaks out there will be a storm of protest.

DAVID WECHSLER.

THE EMPEROR KISSED HER.

Surprised and Delighted with the Offering of a Little American Girl.

Here in America we are in the habit of regarding the American girl as a very beneficent institution, but on the general principle that blessings brighten as they take their flight, she has to go from us and get abroad before she appears in all her superiority beside society in the effete monarchies of Europe. In this line, says the Washington Post, there has lately come over the seas a little story about a little Washington girl and the Kaiser Wilhelm.

Miss Bertha Brodt, the daughter of Mr. William Brodt, of Washington, was recently sent to Germany to complete her education in the language of her parents' fatherland. She is not yet "sweet sixteen," but the adjective goes just as well a year younger. The German emperor was out with a hunting party on the 7th of the month, and passed the school at Neiderfenow, near Berlin, where Miss Brodt and the rest of the schoolgirls were drawn up to see the royal party pass. All of the girls had nosegays of flowers, and when the emperor passed down the line the one little American girl of the party stepped out and with a smile offered him her bunch of posies.

The kaiser was probably as much surprised as anyone else at such a greeting, but to his credit be it said that he did not lose his royal presence of mind, and returning Miss Brodt's greeting in English took the flowers and bowed down and kissed her, saying he was glad to have gained so sweet a subject even for so short a time. And then he rode away, leaving all the rest of the girls wondering why it had not occurred to them to offer the emperor their nosegays.

Mistake of a Cracksman.

In St. Louis recently a cracksman entered a warehouse and spent several hours in boring a hole into an iron safe in order to destroy the combination lock. He was, however, frightened away before he had completed the job. It was afterward found that the safe had been left unlocked.

"Don't you like Prof. Thinkins?" asked one girl.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the other girl. "He's so fatiguing."

"He has the reputation of being very brainy."

"That's just the trouble. When he talks you have to listen to what he is saying or you can't reply to his remarks."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not That Way.

The unknown had tried to get out of the world by the water route, but a policeman had rescued him.

"Who is it?" inquired a reporter, happening along.

"Only a tramp," replied the officer.

"I guess not," said the reporter; "a tramp doesn't like water well enough for that."—Detroit Free Press.

—A Miss Rafferty, of Manchester township, N. J., is suing Mr. Ives, her former lover, for damages, caused, she says, by his kissing her until the gold filling in her front teeth fell out. She wants him to heal the aching void.

IS A MAGIC CITY

A Wonderful Mirage That Has Deceived the World for Centuries.

It Appears in the Wilds of Guiana—A Traveler Says the Mirage Is Apparently as Real as the Sight of New York.

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Although "ye ancient citie of Manoa, which ye Spaniards call El Dorado," was a geographical name of world-wide celebrity some centuries ago, its history has almost completely faded from the memory of mankind. Only in the musty old records of early South American exploration is anything like an intelligible account of the veritable original "El Dorado" to be found, and these are so like the wild flights of a romantic fancy that the casual student of history passes them by with a smile.

And yet these ancient Spanish and English records are not altogether fanciful. They describe El Dorado as a city of northern South America, the metropolis of the land of Manoa, a region comprising what is now known as the Central Guianas. It was said to be inhabited by a race far superior to the wild coast Indians, versed in arts and sciences corresponding to those of the Old World and to which they added a marvelous acquaintance with the mysteries of magic. But they were intensely insular, refusing all intercourse with the outside world and warding off intrusion by magic spells. Their city was built of gold, and had actually been occasionally glimpsed by explorers, but vanished the instant any effort was made to approach it. The Spaniards had seen its towering spires, gleaming domes and frowning battlements rising in the distance from the margin of an extensive lake that lay at the base of a mountain range; but it ever mysteriously vanished, dissolving into the shimmer of the morning sunlight.

This is all that was ever known of El Dorado, the sole foundation for the many-sided fabric of romance which the world has long ago forgotten to be amused by; and that much I had learned from my researches into American history when the pursuit of orchids—those radiant expressions of nature's artistic soul—took me for the first time into the wilds of the Guianas. During my sojourn among the Indians of Quatata, a settlement situated on an eminence overlooking the so-called lake of Amoocoo or Paraima, I heard from them a story that struck me as duplicating that told by their ancestors to the olden Spanish explorers; a story that, if true, indicated that these people dwelt in the vicinity of one of the most marvelous miragic phenomena of the world; for they described to me a "picture town," that sometimes appeared across the lake in the height of the rainy season, at early dawn, which was greater than Georgetown. Incredibility gave place to attention when I recollected the Spanish legend of El Dorado, the more so as that city was always seen at the dim hour of dawn after copious rains.

The idea that possibly I had stumbled on the true solution of the ancient legend determined me to remain in the neighborhood during the rainy season, which was now at hand, especially as there was every reason to believe that this was the spot whence the Spanish explorers had viewed their El Dorado. Quatata, as I have said, is situated on an eminence. Beneath this the surrounding savannah sweeps away in a slightly depressed plain to the mountains that bound it to the west. Through the savannah trickle innumerable little streams which render it somewhat swampy even during the fierce heats of the summer months; but in the rainy season, swelled by the incessant precipitation of storm waters from the mountains, they spread over all the plain, unite their turbid little floods and form an extensive sheet of slowly-moving water. This is Sir Walter Raleigh's "lake of salt water, two hundred leagues long, like unto Mare Caspium," on which the "citie of Manoa" was said to stand.

The hour had come. There was a sharp but bracing bite in the air suggestive of clearer skies above the hanging fog of night which was even now lifting to allow the gray dawn to stream down through its slowly drifting folds, and soon the rosy luster of sunrise was in the sky diffusing itself in tints of incomparable delicacy over the wide expanse of the eastern heavens. Then the fairy fingers of light commenced to paint the canvas that was thus "toned" for her, and the gorgeous picture was complete—a great fan-like blending of tints glowing with indescribable radiance, that spread from the line of the horizon to the zenith.

In the west, above the mountains, hung a cloud bank of densest white like a damasked figure on the opalescent haze of the sky; but it glowed steadily and rapidly into a dazzling whiteness as of molten silver whilst the duller hue of the heavens deepened into a purple grey, and finally assumed the lustrous azure of the tropics. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the masses of white clouds shifted and rifted until one elongated, rugged and confused line rolled down about the mountain sides and hung over the great spurs that sprung abruptly from the farther margin of the lake. Anon the full light of the now risen sun began to pour forth from the east, and each ragged point of that dense cloud belt became illuminated with the amber luster so peculiarly the color of dawn. At the same time the mountain peaks and their spiny slopes reared themselves out of the thinning upper fold that, melting into whisps, wreathed about the peaks like coronets of snow.

And now a startled exclamation of wonder and delight that there was no one to hear broke from me as the realization of expectation formed itself into the field of vision. For on the opposite shore of the lake appeared the verisimilitude of a city! The illusion was perfect, both as regards general appearance and the merest detail. There lay before me as seemingly real a city as is New York when viewed from the top of Bartholdi's statue of liberty. It had the general aspect of an old world city, and an oriental one at that, for I made out domes, spires, minarets, that reared their tops above the general level of the roofs, and gleamed golden bright as though plated with the precious metal. Surrounding the city were great towers and battlements that surmounted a line of solid walls which shone granity gray.

The whole apparition had the appearance of a view seen through glass and by an artificial light, and there was also a slightly wavering motion about it such as sweeps over a stereopticon representation when the screen on which it is projected is agitated. Through the field-glass nothing was to be seen but cloud-banks and mountain ridges, and bounding cascades sparkling in the sunshine's slanting rays.

That was all, and there before me lay the unreal reality of the El Dorado of the Columbian era, a wondrous phenomenon of which the world is yet profoundly ignorant. Raleigh's fabulous El Dorado, to verify my suspected identification of which I had endured terrible hardships and dangers from famine, flood, reptiles and fever. I now knew what it really was—a vision of beauty and fabulous wealth, but only a vision. Unsubstantial as its sister, the bow in the clouds, unreal were its treasures after which generations had hunted as those which legendary lore located at the foot of the prismatic arch.

And fleeting as the bow was this wondrous vision, for soon, even whilst I gazed upon it in the ecstasy of wonder that it evoked, it grew palely indistinct and gradually faded from view even as has El Dorado from the belief and almost the memory of mankind.

On my return to Georgetown, smitten with the fever of that malarial region, the story of my remarkable discovery was received with a cold shrug, and unveiled sarcasm was the sole reward tendered for my lost time and jeopardized health. "What!" exclaimed an old colonist, one of the scientific lights of the R. A. and C. society. "What! Had you, then, never heard of the mirage of Quatata? Why, it is the premier of our natural wonders, ranking before the mysterious Mount Roraima and the Kaieture falls, which is the highest fall of water on the face of the earth. Everybody here knows all about it."

"But," I weakly protested, "how, then, is it not known of outside of the colony?"

"Oh!" he replied, with a comprehensive sweep of the arm, "but everybody knows about it."

"O, indeed. But how do you account for the appearance?"

"Well, like the echo of the woods, this singular creation of nature is dependent for its existence on a peculiarly delicate combination of local conditions, and will continue to recur through the ages as long as those conditions last. Although not really a mirage in the ordinary significance of the word, the appearance is an equally phenomenal combination of cloud, mist, excessively rarified atmospheric strata and genuinely miragic reflection of distant mountain peaks and ridges, the tops of forests and sand hills. You were fortunate to see it, though, for the atmospheric conditions are not frequently favorable. Yes," he concluded, "I never thought of that before, but probably the myth of El Dorado did originate with this mirage."

The Guianese hold the belief that their Fata Morgana is as well known as that of Reggio, but as I have never met with anyone out of the country who had heard of it, the presumption is strong that to many readers this narrative will bring the knowledge of yet another wonder of the world.

T. P. PORTER.

TURNED HIS BACK.

How a Judge Treated a Pair of Disrespectful Lawyers.

"I shall never forget," said one of the oldest members of the Marion County Bar association recently, "a spirited little affair which occurred many years ago in the Clay county court while Judge Bowers was on the bench and the court in session. The participants were Daniel W. Voorhees and Solomon Claypool. Something had been said in argument by Mr. Voorhees which had aroused the anger of Mr. Claypool, who, when he secured an opportunity, heaped the bitterest anathemas upon his antagonist. Attorney Voorhees immediately sprang toward Attorney Claypool and struck him in the face. Then the trouble became altogether demonstrative. They punched, gouged, tore each other's clothes, tipped over chairs and tables, utterly lost to the gravity of the situation in which they had placed themselves in the presence of the court. Suddenly and simultaneously they apparently came to their sober senses, and looked up to the bench. They were somewhat astonished to find the judge, with his back to them, innocently engaged in reading a newspaper. They began to apologize, when they were calmly interrupted by Judge Bowers with the remark: 'Why, you need make no apology, gentlemen. I saw evidence of an oncoming difficulty, and considered it best to see no more. The court had arisen.'"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Curious Springs.

There are several springs along the range of the Alleghany mountains that are great curiosities. From these springs a very considerable current of air passes constantly, sufficient at any time to blow a handkerchief out of a person's hand, unless it is held very tightly. These phenomena have never been explained, but it is generally believed that they indicate caves, and that the breeze comes from the internal air passages. The best known of these is called Bowling springs, and is at the foot of Lookout mountain, about six miles from Chattanooga. This is visited by a great many curiosity seekers and scientists. Others not so well known are found in North Carolina and Georgia.

POULTRY NOTES.

THE color of the eggshell has nothing whatever to do with the quality of the egg itself.

SKIM milk, buttermilk and whey, mixed with bran and corn meal, should be used freely for laying hens.

THE Asiatic breeds of fowls lay very dark shelled eggs, while the Mediterranean varieties lay clear white eggs.

CLOVER for fowls should be chopped finely, steamed for some time, and then mixed with grain and meat scraps.

THE proper way to catch a fowl is to grasp both legs at once with a firm, tight, quick hold and then raise free from the ground and hang the body down clear of any obstacle.

IT is proposed that the large slaughter houses should add poultry to their other business and ship it along with dressed beef and provisions to their customers. If the movement were successful it would revolutionize the poultry trade.

ANGELS WEAR THEM

Gowns from England Pop from the Voyagers' Trunks.

The Wisdom of a Photographer—Some of the Summer Season's Fads—Gowns for Newport Piazzas, for House and Street.

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"My dear madam, in these days a photographer must know everything."

That was the artist's way of explaining it, but the explanation amounts to nothing more than a restatement of facts. To-night I'm convinced that a New York photographer does seem wiser than men of other professions.

I have never indulged to excess in photographs myself, although I'm told that—well, that's neither here nor there. At any rate, I this afternoon attended a friend, for whose counterfeit presentment a clamorous demand had arisen, into the parlor of a Fifth avenue expert who is famed for making all women look beautiful and beauties ravishing beyond belief. "I wish I

A JAUNTY BODICE TRIMMING.

could be taken as 'Adrienne,'" my friend said or thought aloud, as we reached the atelier.

"You can be," was the artist's unexpected rejoinder. "I have costumes and wigs for all the noted characters of play or novel and for the divinities of mythology. You can be Amy Robsart or Adrienne or Diana; though probably you will not choose that role. We have gowns that will fit anyone, or at least can be made to look as if they fitted. The maid will assist you."

And so, with much giggling and whispering, we arranged that Ada, who is rather tall and stately, should be photographed in her street dress, as Adrienne, and in a Greek maiden's fillet, sandals and himation.

"Dear, dear!" said she, "I never thought that, with my closets full of my own dresses, I should ever wear the stock gowns of a photograph gallery. But it is handy, isn't it?"

So, presently out we passed, and Ada sat down, the diffused light gleaming on her beautiful smooth shoulders, and then that wonderful man-of-all-knowledges sprung surprise No. 1 upon us.

"Your shoulder is a trifle flat here," said he, tapping his own. "Please grasp the round of the chair with your hand and lift slightly. There! That's better!"

And indeed it was. As Ada obeyed the great muscle which runs from the neck to the point of the shoulder started up and rounded off the bone in great shape.

"You see," went on the man, who is pleasant without obsequiousness, and manly without bluntness, "you see I have to know anatomy like a sculptor. Such lots of little tricks like that there are. If you want a dimple right here you push outward and up so, and if the collar bone is thinly covered with flesh—" I've forgotten what the cure for that was. But so he rattled on, while he fussed with his camera and illustrated his meaning upon his own shoulders, and finally he said: "There!" in a rather positive tone.

"Ready, now?" asked Ada.

"Dear, no; I'm all through. I've taken half a dozen negatives of different sizes, and of all the expressions from pensive thought to jocund gayety. You don't suppose I'd say 'when,' do you? Why, you'd—you'd pose!—and posing is fatal."

A philosopher, an anatomist, a historian, an authority on the drama, archaeology and a hundred other things—when I want an encyclopedia written by a single man, I shall apply to that one!

Then Ada did a lightning change act and was photographed in her street costume, a black crepon straight from England, with waistcoat of white satin and a yoke piece of cream-colored lace, with broad ribbons of black moire, patterned with colored flowers, forming braces over the shoulders, one side finishing with a short end fringed with jet, and the other extending to the hem of the skirt and tied into a bow. Her sleeves had puffs of the crepon with a stripe of the cream lace at the top, and altogether it was a gown of gowns. In a day or so we shall see proofs of those pictures. I know they will be flattering. They would not suit else.

Gowns straight from England! There are more of them in New York this week than for many moons past. The wanderers who strayed across the seas in March for a taste of the London season are already returning, part of them for Newport and the rest, and they bring fatter trunks than they took away, every mother's daughter of them.

A peep into some of these wonder boxes reveals some beautiful gowns. One which will be seen later on the Newport piazzas is a pale pink brocade with trained skirt, slightly caught up at the foot toward the left side, bordered with a deep band of pearl and crystal passementerie. The under petticoat hath similar ornament, and likewise the pointed epaulettes which fall over puffed sleeves finished at the elbow with turn back cuffs. From these fall soft frills of chiffon. The draped bodice has a band of the brocade, with a make-believe bow and long ends on the left side.

A girlish and rather unique effect is won by the use of a blouse, in another English costume brought over by a rather slender woman. There was a point of white embroidery down the blouse front—the basic material is black chiffon—and a belt of the embroidery and long cuffs of it, and the odd puffy sleeves black chiffon also, and the skirt of black moire. With this one wears an ingenue hat with a wide brim and simple trimming or something of that sort. This would be an easy costume to copy. Only I'm afraid that is a disadvantage rather than otherwise.

You call any soft material chiffon nowadays. It's so convenient, and it's a word to conjure with, almost as much as moire or Chine silk. It is one of the season's fads; which is strange, because it is not a showy material, and fashions seem more garish and sensational every day. There is the brazen bravery of paste and steel, and the black glitter of jet and the sheen of glace ribbons and the bobbing of strange, fantastic headdresses, and the flaunting of big bows, and flutter of yards of useless ribbon about all our costuming. Amid it all, a suit sometimes strikes out distinction for itself through the untraveled paths of simplicity. Such a one I saw to-day, in light-blue grenadier stuff, plain skirt, plain long jacketed coat, picture hat of black, flaring high in front, and a bunch of red roses at the bosom. That was a costume to look at twice, yet easy to achieve.

WHY FISH TAKE FLIES.

A Mooted Point Among the Disciples of Quaint Old Izaak Walton.

Sir Hubert Maxwell's recent argument is to the effect that salmon bite at the fly from curiosity, or from mixed motives, not from hunger. A second rise may be "motived" by wrath at a slight prick. This we think unreasonable, says the London Saturday Review. The more a fish—a salmon, that is—feels a prick, the less chance there is of his coming again. The angler may be sensible of a tug and yet may hook his prey on a second venture, but then it is probable that the salmon never touched the point. He got hold of the feathers or of the body of the hook.

The hypothesis of his indignation was invented years ago, in the case of trout, by the Spectator. Some one argued that trout do not feel as we feel, consequently that angling is not so cruel as angling for the editor of the Spectator would be. That position is demonstrable. The mouth of the editor of the humane journal is not a grisly, horny kind of substance. The theorist went on to urge that you may see a trout feeding in clear water, may put a dry fly over him, hook him, lose him; see him feed again, hook him again, lose him and never put him off his feed. This is a matter of fact. Last summer we had occasion to observe it. The trout, twice hooked, never ceased to feed; he only shifted his position by about a foot and a half, and went on eating natural flies. Now this circumstance shows that the trout's appetite was undiminished, though he had twice felt the steel and been dragged across the stream.

The Spectator, however, urged that the picked fish comes again, when he does come again, in anger and revenge. Nonsense? He merely continues to dine, taking such floating flies as recommend themselves to his taste and fancy. Now, if you hooked the Spectator with a whitebait, and played him upstairs and downstairs, and stirred him up under the table, and broke him on the banisters, he would not proceed to a cutlet. The trout does not remain feeding, normally, sometimes. The argument that he snaps in anger may therefore be dismissed. The fish's motive is appetite. He is looking for floating flies, and he sometimes takes the artificial for the real article. If hooked, he often does not feel pain enough to frighten him.

Mountain Peculiarities.

Mountain ranges of great height always arrest the passage of clouds and rain. Within and about the tropics these are borne from the east by the trades and generally the windward slope of the mountains is a fertile barrier, while the leeward slope is a barren desert. So it is in many parts of Peru and Chili, on the west of the Andes, while on the east there are virgin forests and the wildest and most luxuriant vegetation. To some extent I have noticed these conditions in the little island of Jamaica, where, behind some lofty peak, there exists a tract of country utterly barren, where rain seldom falls, while only thirty or forty miles away showers occur every few minutes the year round, keeping the earth drenched with moisture and causing the most luxuriant vegetation.—Goldthwaite's Magazine.

—Emily—"I am so unhappy. I begin to see that Arthur married me for my money." Emily's dearest friend—"Well, you have the comfort of knowing he is not as simple as he looks."—Caricaturen, Vienna.

MECCA FOR WIDOWS

The Haven Par Excellence for Divorced People.

Census Figures Which Show That the National Capital Carries Off the Laurel as a Resort for Matrimonial Unfortunates.

The funny writers will have to revise their jokes if the figures of the census office are correct. There is a good deal of danger that the District of Columbia will soon be pointed at throughout the country and cartooned in the comic papers as the haven par excellence for divorced people. For it is a fact, says the Washington News, that the figures of the latest census bulletin given to the public show that Washington city has more people in it per capita who have been through the divorce court than has Chicago, that hustling metropolis of the west, which has a world-wide reputation for the cheapness and dispatch with which the lawyers can render asunder the bonds of matrimony that were supposed to be eternal when they were riveted at the altar.

The figures that are reputed not to lie are these: Chicago, with a population of 1,099,850, has 1,040 men and women in its limits who have been unmarried—that is, one divorced person to every 870 of the population. The District of Columbia, with a population of 230,392, has 460—146 men and 314 women—divorced people, or one in every 501 of the inhabitants. So the District carries off the laurels. Still, throughout the United States, there is one divorced person for every 820 of population. But while this is a startling statement, there are a number of other communities that surpass the District in this respect. The little puritanical state of Vermont, for instance, with a population of 376,530 has 1,200 people who had to seek legal separation in order to keep peace in the family. Virginia evidently has a climate better adapted to domestic peace than has the District, for while it has seven times the number of inhabitants, it contains slightly less than four times as many divorced couples as does the capital. Maryland shows up still more staid, for its population is four and a half as large as that of the District, though it has less than twice the number of divorced people as has the latter.

There is another peculiar thing about the district—its percentage of married people is less than that which prevails throughout the country. Taking the United States at large and nearly 56 per cent. of the inhabitants are married. In the district less than 33 per cent. have ventured upon wedlock. But more alarming than any of these figures is the presence of widows in the District. There are actually 13,929 widows here—dashing or otherwise—or one for every 16½ of the population. This figure appears to be very large when it is considered that throughout the United States the number of both men and women who have lost their partners in life do not number more than one to every twenty-one of the inhabitants. Yet in the District the widows alone move around in society at the ratio of one to sixteen and one-half.

An interesting study is brought up in the effort to discover why it is that the District has more than its share of divorced people, widows and unmarried inhabitants. It is answered very easily by the simple fact that one-half of the employes of the government are women. There are great numbers of widows of soldiers who were killed in the war who have sought this city and been successful in securing lucrative government appointments. Then there are thousands of young ladies who get places in the departments and conclude that it is better to hold them than to give their hearts to some fellow whose salary in their estimation is not more than enough to support themselves. The divorced people get there in pretty much the same way. Women shorn of the protection and support of their erstwhile husbands have tried their fortunes in the capital and in many instances been able to secure desks in the government workshops.

METHOD OF SHAKING HANDS.

The Genuine Hand Clasp Should Be an Honest, Pleasant Grasp.

Almost everyone has an individual and original method of shaking hands, unless they are followers of fashion and have adopted the pump-handle shake, which was originated by the prince of Wales when that royal personage was suffering from a boil under the arm, which necessitated the awkward movement.

There is the rough but kindly-disposed individual who takes your poor paddy with a grip of iron, and in the desire to show good will and friendship almost wrenches the fingers off and leaves the marks of sundry ring indentations on the crushed digits. This painful mode, though trying to the last degree, is preferable to that mean, supercilious and patronizing method employed by individuals who are of the "holler-than-thou" order.

This shake, or rather contact, only consists in offering the very tips of the fingers, accompanied by an air of condescension that makes you long to forget your breeding and pull your hand away. There is no heart in such a greeting. It means selfishness, it proclaims personal vanity, and it is quite as repellant as the frosty nod that some people consider a bow.

The cold and clammy handshake is one that once met with leaves the impression that a snake has reposed for a moment in your palm. The fingers, lifeless as those of a marble image, writhe into your clasp and a chilly sensation in the region of your spine warns you that the human monster has laid claws upon you. It is never well to trust that handshaker.

An honest, pleasant grasp—a holding of hands for a brief space of time—a sense of warmth, sympathy and good-fellowship, is what the genuine handclasp ought to induce. But how many of this sort do you meet in the great world so full of artificiality and caprice?—Philadelphia Times.

A Family of Amateurs.

Cultured Mother—My dear, your sister Clara is an amateur pianist, Dora is an amateur photographer, Edna is an amateur painter, and Elvira is an amateur astronomer, but you don't seem to be anything.

Pretty Daughter—Oh, yes, mamma, I am an amateur fiancee. Here's my first engagement ring.—N. Y. Weekly.